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OCTOBER 2014

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FILTH

STEEL PANTHER *WHIPS IT OUT*

ODETTE DOES YOUR FETISH

OCTOBER 2014 $11.99 U.S.

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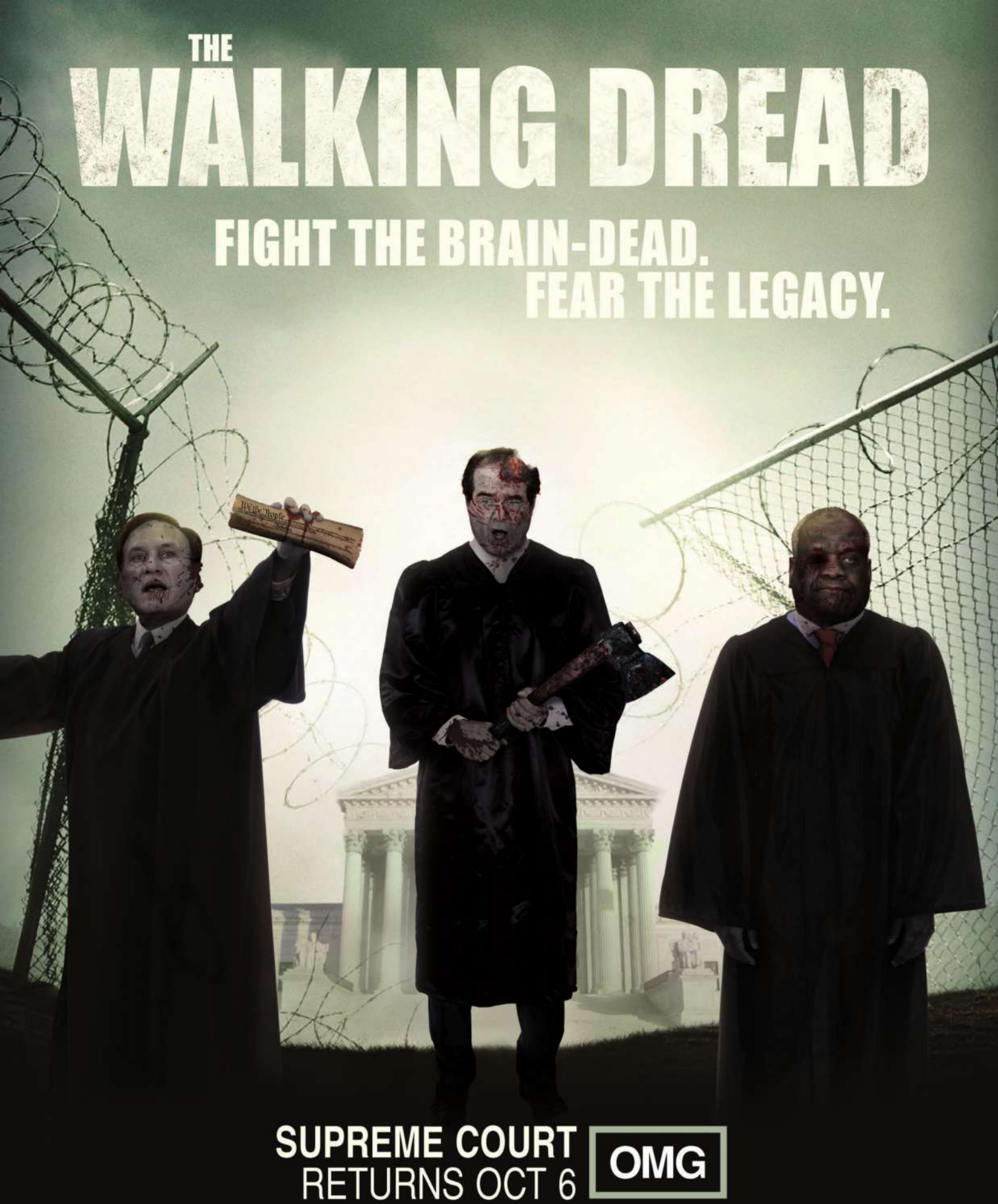

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"I think the dog wants to go out."

OCTOBER 2014
Volume 41 Number 5
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HUSTLER®

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WHERE ARE THE JOBS?

Election year is a favorite time to lament slow job growth. The vast majority of voters are at the mercy of the job market and rightfully expect their elected officials to foster a thriving economy in which they can find and maintain gainful employment. In fact, new poll data says that today's bleak employment outlook will be the biggest campaign issue going into the midterm elections. With one of their own in the White House, Democrats are getting most of the blame. But in reality the problems run much deeper.

Members of Congress on both sides of the aisle have been ineffective at helping workers develop skills to meet the demands of the new job market. Republicans in particular have made it harder for people to stay in the game by threatening unemployment assistance and a reasonable minimum wage. They're also derailing the debate by falsely claiming that immigration hurts employment opportunities. The vast majority of workers from other countries are not taking jobs away from anyone. They're doing work that most Americans aren't willing to do. What we need are new jobs in skilled sectors, such as engineering and high-tech. New technologies offer huge opportunities but demand incentives. In other urgent areas, like education, healthcare and infrastructure, the government can step up as a powerful employer itself.

Don't listen to campaign ads that play the blame game and slam one or two politicians for our country's employment woes. To really tackle this issue, we have to face the fact that the world is changing fast. Boldly investing in our workforce can only make our economy stronger.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

We need a conservative to run for President who's bold, decisive, kicks ass and hates gays.
All those in favor of Vladimir Putin, raise your right hand.
REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE
MuLeady.

2ND AMENDMENT DOUBLE STANDARD

OPPONENTS OF GUN CONTROL ARE BETRAYING THE CONSTITUTION'S ORIGINAL RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS.

Once again some nutcase finds it all too easy to lay his hands on an arsenal he has no reasonable need to possess, and innocent people are randomly slaughtered. The latest example of deadly mayhem occurred in a college town in California, a state with some semblance of sane gun control, but not enough to prevent a clearly deranged young man from becoming a well-equipped mass murderer.

Although most other civilized nations have instituted sensible restrictions on the personal ownership of firearms, we can't do anything significant to stop these endless attacks on our citizenry because of the mighty National Rifle Association and the politicians who cravenly support it. The NRA clamors that to control gun violence in this country would violate the Constitution's Second Amendment.

But its hallowed words simply do not add up to the Founding Fathers' ringing endorsement of gun-owner anarchy: "A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the People to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

That's it! Affirmation of a state's right to preserve order within the new alliance of the federal union.

Unless you think that some yokel entering a gun shop aspires to join "a well regulated militia"—meaning he's signing up with his state's National Guard and not going to wander off to kill kids in a school—the Second Amendment doesn't apply. The bewigged educated elite that authored our Constitution clearly never intended the amendment to be a license for random acts of murder.

What the founders of our nation did intend was a voluntary citizens army as an alternative to a professional military. It was spelled out in Section 13 of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, the document that inspired the Bill of Rights: "That a well regulated militia, composed of the body of the people, trained to arms, is the proper, natural, and safe defence of a free state; that standing armies, in time of peace, should be avoided, as dangerous to liberty; and that, in all cases, the military should be under strict subordination to, and governed by, the civil power."

It is deeply ironic that a Constitutional amendment that originated as a civic restraint against military violence ultimately became the pretext for enabling individual acts of violence.

While I don't expect to convince anyone on the NRA side of this timeworn debate to read the Second Amendment the way I do, there is something I will never understand: Why do politicians and judges who tend to support the NRA's broad interpretation of the Second Amendment apply such a tight-ass view to other, much clearer Bill of Rights protections?

Take the First Amendment's prohibition on "abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Why not a peep out of the NRA and others who claim to believe in a strict interpretation of the Constitution when the Occupy movement was brutally crushed?

Where is their reverence for the Fourth Amendment's guarantee of "the right of the people to be secure in their person's houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures"? Where is the outrage from gun-toting defenders of a strict application of the Bill of Rights when the National Security Agency scoops up all emails and phone calls in the most blatant violation of that amendment's ban on warrantless searches? Where is the Fifth Amendment's guarantee of due process for those—like whistleblowers Bradley Manning and Edward Snowden—who stand, without bearing arms, in a conscientious challenge to unbridled government power?

All this is further evidence that the possession of a gun is hardly the guarantor of our liberty. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"Corporate sent down a new robobitch. Where do you want her?"

U.S. EDUCATION IS FLUNKING

OUR SCHOOLS ARE FAILING TO TEACH WHAT THE VOTERS OF TOMORROW REALLY NEED TO LEARN.

I wasn't surprised to see the *Wall Street Journal* headline "High School Seniors' Test Scores Stagnate," but it did bolster my belief that Americans must address the shortcomings in how students are being educated. Caroline Porter reported that "despite years of efforts to lift U.S. academic performance, 12th-graders showed no improvement in math or reading in federal test scores released [on May 7, 2014], underscoring concerns that the country isn't generating career- and college-ready graduates."

A much deeper concern of mine has been ignored in the fiery debates about teacher evaluations and other educational reforms: How many future voters—whether or not they've gotten into college—will know, for example, how a British monarchy's 13 American colonies became a mighty, unified republic?

Dig this: The great majority of our high schools—and colleges!—do not have mandatory courses in American history. Countless students are not being taught what spurred the colonists to seek independence, and they're being denied the dramatic accounts of how our basic Constitutional liberties are so often threatened by power-hungry Presidents amid an ignorant citizenry.

With so much emphasis on the Common Core and nationwide standardized tests, high school students who don't pass their exams may feel dumb and will act that way as voters. Many will be compelled to drop out without ever experiencing the *joy* of learning, which is the essence of an effective education.

The future is bleak for Americans who don't earn a high school diploma. According to a study conducted for the National Urban League and other advocacy groups, on any given day "about one in every ten young male high school dropouts is in jail or juvenile detention, compared with one in 35 young male high school graduates." And almost 25% of young black male dropouts are "incarcerated or otherwise institutionalized on an average day."

I'm heartened that an increasing number of teachers and principals refuse to have their students' learning capacities arbitrarily limited by standardized tests that could blight the rest of their lives. Caroline Porter's *Wall Street Journal* article mentioned what one administrator is doing to improve students' test scores: "Michael Nellums, principal of Pine Bluff High School in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, said his school has added in-class tutors in both math and reading this year and implemented a program to identify struggling 10th- and 11th-grade students. It added a 'geometry café' that offers students after-school preparation for final exams."

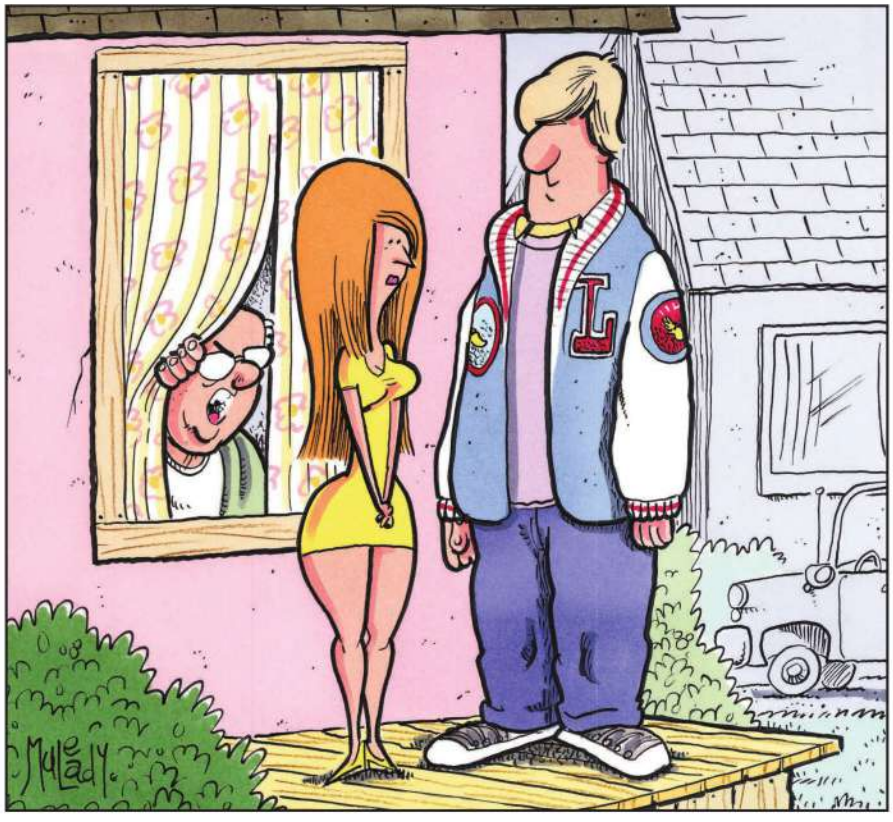
How nice! But there's nothing about their learning how close we came to losing the First Amendment, the very core of who we are as Americans. When our second President, John Adams, signed into law the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, citizens could be jailed for criticizing the President or Congress. (Yes, just seven years after the Bill of Rights was adopted.) Thomas Jefferson's unyielding opposition to the Alien and Sedition Acts was a key factor in his triumph over Adams in the 1800 Presidential election.

James Madison, who'd go on to succeed Jefferson as the fourth U.S. President, also opposed the draconian law. He reminded the new nation that "the liberty of conscience and the press cannot be cancelled, abridged, restrained, or modified, by any authority of the United States."

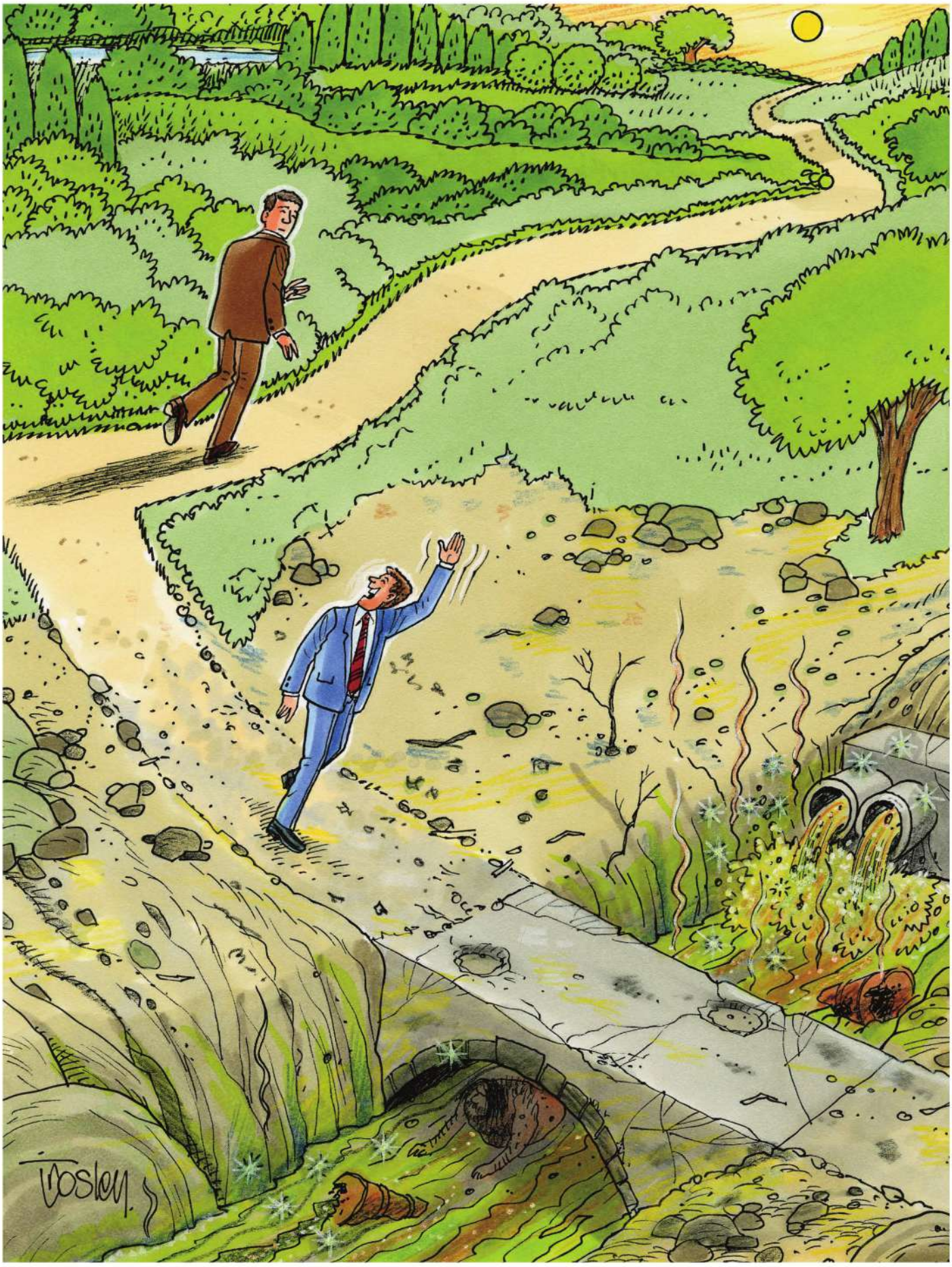
It is not enough to simply know—thanks to Edward Snowden and a few other whistleblowers—the extent that the government spies on what we do and even think. But how many of We the People are knowledgeably American enough to actually get involved in the political process to make the Constitution work for us again?

Unless our educational system is overhauled, an ever-larger portion of the electorate will be unprepared to safeguard and fortify this nation as a self-governing republic. If our schools don't teach who we are, then who and what will we be? H

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"It's past your curfew! Suck his dick and get in here!"



"Okay then. You take the high road. I'm gonna become a Republican!"

GEORGE WILL

When we chose Pulitzer Prize-winning George Will as this month's Asshole, we extended him an unprecedented offer: We invited him to write the column himself. Who better than the eloquent and eminently learned Mr. Will to explain how someone with such an exacting mind could at the same time be such a donkey's ass? By press time, however, our cordial email addressed to the usually prolific and erudite columnist at the *Washington Post* had met with a sustained, resounding silence. We decided, therefore, in his best interest, to pen this column in his stead. What follows is, word for word, what we're certain George Will would have written had he the sagacity to do so.

Esteemed readers, or should I say viewers, of HUSTLER, you may want to procure a thesaurus before reading further (presuming you can read), as I tend to unnecessarily use words for which there are perfectly common and adequate equivalents. This pretension is one of the hallmarks of the faux intellectual, which in the fawning corridors of Fox News and the *Washington Post* is no different from the real thing.

Most recently I have become embroiled in a debate about President Obama's Iraq policy, which I have branded a "foreign policy of retreat." In my usual cavalier approach to logic, I have obliquely admitted that invading Iraq in the first place was a fool's errand while at the same time accusing a President reticent to reinvade (although that is actually what he is now doing) of contributing to the "worst episode of squandered valor in U.S. history."

Yes, I realize that previous sentence was rather long. But I know that the majority of readers will not go back and reread my convolutions to discern whether there is any actual meaning in them. They will assume, given my standing and the persistent use of the word "intellectual" somewhere near my name, that I have argued my point cogently.

I am smart, as you can see. Very smart. But being an intellectual does not preclude being an asshole. On the contrary, it aids it. I am able to peddle my vitriolic views with the smug élan of a serial "rapist" who outwits his victims and would-be captors alike.

Now, speaking of sexually active men and their so-called "victims," allow me to address what may be the apogee of my attempts to outrage the progressives I so despise: my treatise on "the supposed campus epidemic of rape."

I will admit here in the pages of HUSTLER, for the first time, that I may have, in this case only, inadequately masked my contempt and misogyny with erudition. Some have surmised that I must have been a date rapist myself to have so recklessly extrapolated general statements from specific tales of undergraduate indiscretion. I decline to comment on that particular charge beyond saying that I come from an America in which boys were boys, girls kept their mouths shut (afterward, that is) and "rape" was a thing that happened to other people, if at all. (Notice how I cleverly ensconce certain words and phrases, like "sexual assault," in quote marks to make them seem illegitimate.)

Now we find ourselves in a hell of "progressivism" with "victimhood a coveted status that confers privileges." That's the phrase, by the way, that wormed its way under the skin of the "sexual assault experts," those blinded by their specific and personal knowledge of rape and its realities. But I, with my faux intellectual acuity, can observe the matter from a dispassionate and superior vantage point, unsullied by the muck of rape kits and ruined lives. What you may call reality I know as nothing more than the gutter of the weak-willed.

Have you noticed my last name? Will. As in Triumph of the Will. That is what a true conservative feels in the depths of his soul. The triumph of will over victimhood. Progressivism, with its hypersensitive and delusional view of society, would allow our destinies as supermen to be tarnished by that trivial blend of alcohol, tears and semen (now amusingly known in some dorms as the George Will Cocktail). Where would I be if such attitudes had prevailed during my college days?

But what brings me to laugh more than the feeble protestations of a comely coed is the fact that this idée fixe of me as an apologist for the occasional stolen "kiss" (thank you, Rohypnol) has distracted so effectively from my years of vituperative assault on every tenet of a "just" society of "opportunity." With my usual pandering meretriciousness, I have railed against everything "progressive," from gender and racial "equality" to "therapy" for war vets and their supposed "traumas." And don't get me started on "climate change," my vigorous, fact-repellent denial of which should have stripped me of any pretense to intellectual respect, but which, thanks to the mesmerism of ideology, hasn't.

Apropos epistemic relativity (I'm getting paid by the word), has anyone noticed that I mock the idea of young women in college being "swaddled" in a "safe, supportive and unthreatening environment," but applaud the fact that for my Down syndrome son (male), "America has become a more congenial, welcoming place"? Yes, I avidly fetishize the rape-free, pre-progressivist "One Man's America" (of George Will, by George Will and for George Will) while conveniently omitting things like the fact that the America of yore would have called my son a "mongoloid" and relegated many great players in the game I love to the "Negro leagues." These would seem to be horrific hypocrisies and blights on my intellectual reputation, but here is my secret: A right-wing, reactionary intellectual is a walking oxymoron and, as such, as rare as a credible witness at a frat party. The enemies of "progress" need my lipstick of "learnedness" on their herds of swine. I happily trade my mental gifts for having my rear end orally cleaned regularly and with relish. This, finally, is what makes me, unapologetically and forever in the annals of faux intellectualism, a true "Asshole."

TRIPLE-X TRIVIA

For every dude who's ever measured his dick or seen how far he could shoot his jizz, here are the marks to beat. Plus other **weird-ass sex** facts that might just win you a brew or two in your next barroom bet.

The record for World's Farthest Ejaculation goes to Horst Schultz, who **shot his jizz** 18 feet 9 inches! The masturbatory master also blasts at the greatest height—12 feet 7 inches—and muzzle velocity—42.7 miles-per-*splat!*-hour.

Most Orgasms? For over 22 years Doctors William Hartman and Marilyn Fithian recorded orgasms at the Center for Marital and Sexual Studies in Long Beach, California. The maximum **climaxes** ever documented in a hour: 134 for a woman and 16—16!—for a man.

Michelle Monahan wins the award for Most Semen Swallowed. In 1991 **1.7 pints of cum** were pumped from her stomach! That's like almost a quart of milk…except not milk.

Strongest Cunt: Tatyana Kozhevnikova lifted 31 pounds with her poontang to win the title. Her secret? The Russian exercises her twat with a wooden egg daily.

The Ultimate B.V.S. Award (see *Hardcore Metal*, page 30) belongs to Anna Swan, with a **pussy** that measured 19 inches in circumference. Too huge even for the Biggest Dick in the World, a 13.5-inch whopper (erect) belonging to Jonah Falcon. He made headlines in 2012 when he was frisked by TSA in San Francisco on suspicion of hiding a weapon in his pants.

MORE FUN FACTS

- In Japan 250 men recently fucked 250 women in a warehouse to form the Largest Orgy Ever!
- Gonzo porn princess Lisa Sparxxx took on **919 guys** in a single day at Eroticon 2004 to set a new gangbang record. Imagine stepping up at Number 832.
- And, finally, Longest Daisy Chain: Here details get a bit sketchy, but back in Roman times Emperor Tiberius was a big fan of the daisy and frequently chained together over 30 lovers at his **orgies**. We can't really believe that this record is still standing, and you can consider that a HUSTLER challenge.

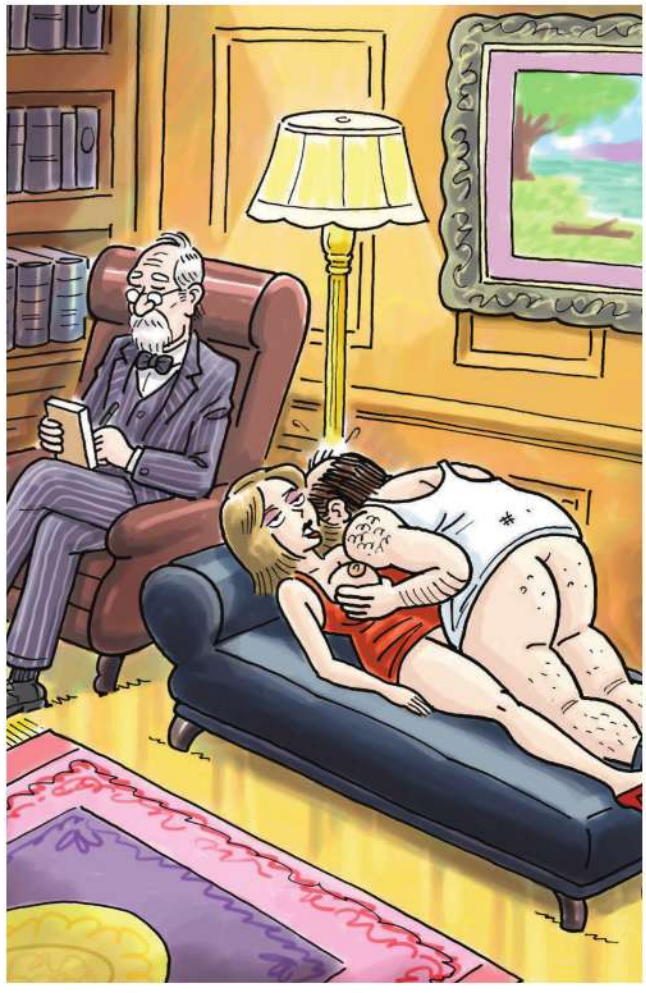
"The love bite, it is the beginning. You will be irresistible." —BELA LUGOSI, ACTOR

WHAT WOULD LAUREN COHAN LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

A little dangerous! But though she now has hundreds of kills under her belt as *The Walking Dead*'s sexiest survivor, **Lauren** swears she's not a biter. She will, however, gut you like a deer and slice you like a melon if she senses you're her enemy. So get that blowjob before she sizes you up!

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Lauren Cohan actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

In what looks to be a still from the first celebrity sex tape ever, It Girl lookalike Clara shows how "it" is done. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"I have issues with my father."

"Sometimes you just have to chop a zombie like a melon. What can I say?" —LAUREN COHAN, ACTRESS

GOLD FINGERS, OCTOBER '82

LUST IN SPACE, DECEMBER '79

Fool for Love

The August '14 HUSTLER came to Chicago this week in a big way with a lovely photo of Lena Love on the cover [*Anticipation*]. Long-haired blondes do it every time for me. Especially when it looks like she is about to take her bra off. There were several other lookers inside. The best of which were clearly exposed in *Hardcore Showcase*. But let's focus on Lena Love for a minute. She must not get along with her clothes very well since she stripped out of them very quickly. One shot of her shows off an ass that belies her age. This is exactly what we dream about seeing inside a pair of shorts. Then there is her radiant face, beautiful teeth and darling blue eyes looking right into the camera so we can all look right back into them while we are jerking away. The best was saved for last: Right under her ass crack is Lena's pretty pussy just waiting to be fucked.

Now on to *Hardcore Showcase*. Home of the best pictures in the August '14 HUSTLER, with two of my favorite porn stars, Bridgette B and Summer Brielle. Perfect hardcore shots of both these blondes in action. I will take your advice and get *Busty Beauties: Boats 'n' Hos* to enjoy while jerking off. Clearly it is time for Summer Brielle to be your HUSTLER Honey.

—Bill Smith
Chicago, Illinois

Get Glasses

A few months ago a letter to HUSTLER complained about your photos being blurry, which was bullshit ["Underfed?" February '14]. But you answered him by making almost every picture blurry in that same issue. That is why I read HUSTLER. You don't give a fuck. I also read it for the girls, jokes and articles. Keep up the great work, HUSTLER staff and Mr. Larry Flynt. **—J.W.**

Bellingham, Washington

Pussy Hound

I would like to see some natural, super-hairy women, nude and mud wrestling in G-strings with natural, super-big breasts. Also, I would like to have full-length, frontal nude, autographed pictures of Claire Danes, Alaina Fox, Bambi Wolfe, Priya Rai and Princess, with one of her old yellow G-strings. Super, super thank you very, very much, Larry Flynt. **—Rusty Jones**

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Nothing but Love for the August '14 issue.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

The problem with latex condoms is they rip and you end up with a shitty george, and it gets on the sheets and everywhere, even though the condom goes down the toilet. **—R. Short**

San Antonio, Texas

Play Misty for Me

What a great idea! I was unaware of your *Feedback* service until a friend told me about it. I've been a fan since 1977, when I first discovered your awesome magazine. A few months ago I purchased a copy of your magazine and the bonus DVD H1208. This is the first time I was ever disappointed with a HUSTLER product. Some of the DVDs only play half or not at all. (A note to HUSTLER: Somebody should cast Misty Stone in an all-oral feature ASAP! With that beautiful face and especially those lips of hers, it would sell at least a couple million copies!) As I said, this is the first time I've ever had a problem with your product. If you could send me another copy of H1208 so I could enjoy what I missed, I would greatly be thankful. Keep up the good work! **—James Dolin**

Southampton, New Jersey

We share your love for Misty! And sorry about the fucked up disc. Please call our subscriptions department at 800-566-5760. Thanks for letting us know.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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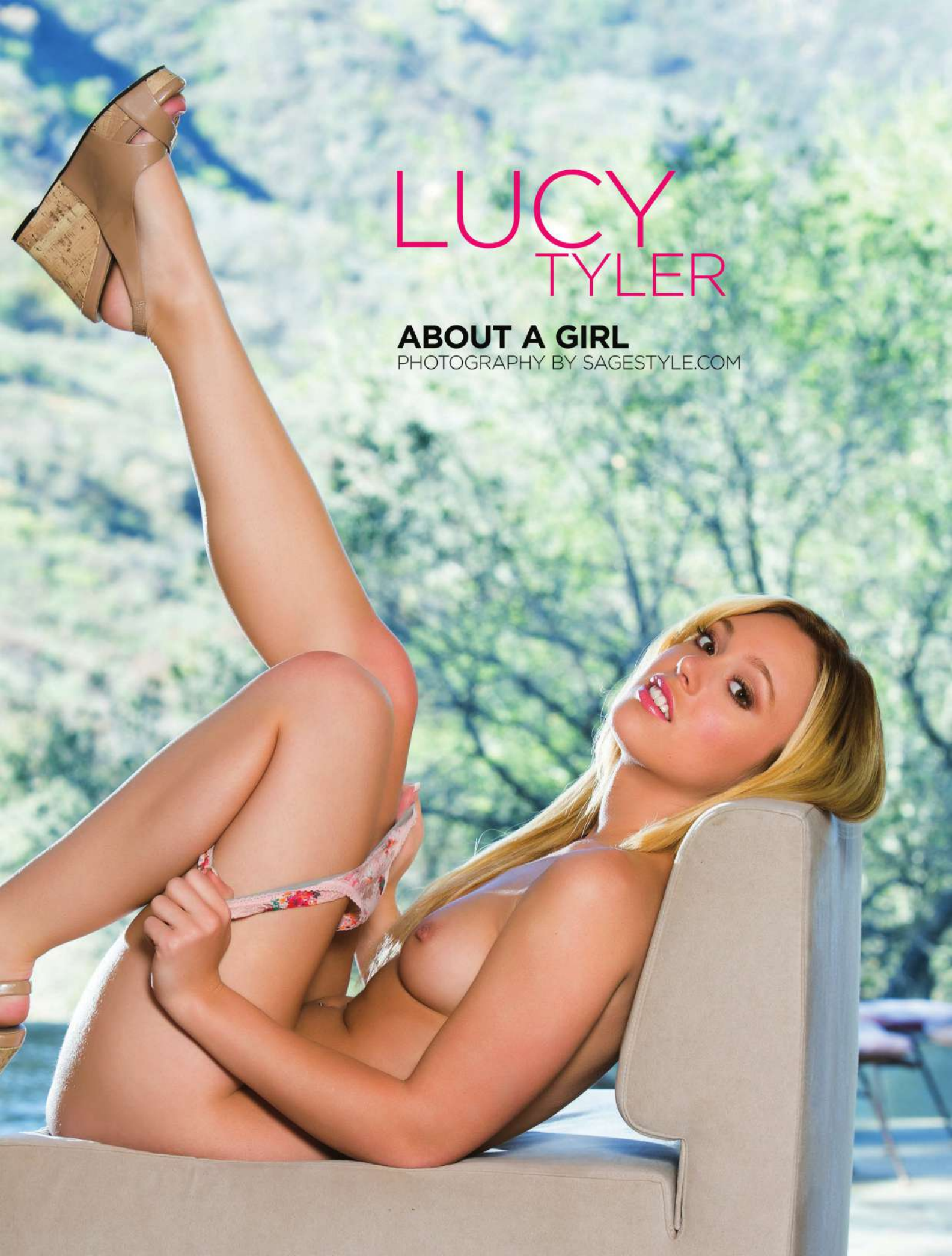
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ABOUT A GIRL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAGESTYLE.COM

So here's what you should know about me: I lost my virginity in a tent, wearing a Kurt Cobain T-shirt—best four minutes of my life! I love modeling and being naked, but sometimes fantasize about having sex in the dark, not always under a spotlight. I combined 'Lucy in the Sky' with Steven Tyler for my stage name. *And* I once fucked a penis-shaped lollipop."

LUCY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Seattle, Washington** | AGE: **19**
HEIGHT: **5-3** | MEASUREMENTS: **32-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl** | TWITTER: **@LucyTylerYo**

HARDCORE METAL

the filth & fury of

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

"BUKKAKE TEARS," "PUSSYWHIPPED," "FUCKING MY HEART IN THE ASS" AND "GANGBANG AT THE OLD FOLKS HOME." NEW HUSTLER FLICKS? NO, SONGS ON THE LATEST STEEL PANTHER ALBUM, *ALL YOU CAN EAT*. AFTER THIS INTERVIEW WITH GUITARIST SATCHEL AND LEAD SINGER MICHAEL STARR, YOU MAY WANT TO HEAD OVER TO THE FREE CLINIC.

HUSTLER: Welcome to America's Magazine.
SATCHEL: I can't tell you how many jacks I've thrown thanks to looking at HUSTLER.

Do you remember the first time you saw it?
MICHAEL STARR: My dad had *Playboy*, and it was cool, right? But when I opened up a fucking HUSTLER, I blew my nut right away.
SATCHEL: It was the big leagues.
STARR: Chicks are fucking fine.
SATCHEL: And they do nasty shit. Don't mind taking it in the ass.
STARR: *Playboy* was too airbrushed. They are like Disneyland for pussy. HUSTLER is Six Flags Magic Mountain. Good rides but they are a little dirty and run-down.
SATCHEL: More dangerous. You may die, but fuck it's a great ride.
STARR: Your dick wants to go on the roller coaster, not the fucking tea cups.

Is Steel Panther the filthiest band in the world?
SATCHEL: I think if you ask any of the girls or transvestites that get off our bus after fucking us, they would say, "Fuck yeah!" We're the filthiest, and not just because we don't shower on a daily basis. It's because we are not afraid to try anything.

What is the ratio of girls to transvestites getting off on your bus?
SATCHEL: I will say this, nobody knows for sure. And that is a testament to how really badass we are. Because if you know for sure what the regular girl to transvestite ratio is, it means you care too much. We don't give a shit.

Which STDs do you currently have?
SATCHEL: Currently? Well, you can't really get rid of genital warts. I will have those forever. They just sneak up on you from time to time. I've pretty much got every STD available.
STARR: I thought you had foot to mouth disease?
SATCHEL: No, I can bend my ankle around the back of my head. Not a disease, but it is very useful, especially in prison.

You've been in prison?
SATCHEL: Don't wanna talk about that. I caught some things there that you can't give back. I wanna give back to society, but I can't give that back.

You don't really give it back; you pass it on.
STARR: Pay it forward.
SATCHEL: That's why no one in our band wears condoms. Why waste the money on condoms? You can't catch herpes twice.
STARR: I would say we would use them for the rookies who are just starting out.
SATCHEL: Yeah, if you're really young and never had sex before. I'm talking like five, six or seven years old—I didn't have sex till I was like nine or ten—then yeah. The thing with condoms is, they usually fall off anyway. It's hard to find one that is small enough.
STARR: Or if you're fucking a college girl, she's probably going to be smart enough to ask you to use a condom.
SATCHEL: When are you gonna fuck a college girl? >>

PHOTOS COURTESY STEEL PANTHER,
HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD AND DAVE KAPP

Have either of you guys ever made a sex tape?
SATCHEL: I did, but it was an audio sex tape. Sounds great. I was pretending to be Tommy Lee the whole time, but you can tell it wasn't him. The girl kept saying, "Really? Is that all the way in?"
STARR: I learned one thing from Sam Kinison.
SATCHEL: Did you have sex with him too?
STARR: No. He said he once filmed himself fucking, and when he watched it back, he was bummed out because it didn't look as cool as it felt. From that point on I thought, *I don't ever want to film myself.*
SATCHEL: You gotta film yourself fucking in front of a fun house mirror. It makes your dick look a lot longer. That's why I tend to have sex with mostly short girls. Dwarfs and midgets.

They prefer to be called little people.
SATCHEL: Not while you're fucking them. They like to be called midgets.
STARR: "Suck it, midget." It really gets 'em going. That negativity anger reversal sexuality. You know what I'm saying?
SATCHEL: I have no idea what you're saying. I know that they love it in the ass too.

Midgets do?
SATCHEL: No, dwarfs. It's politically incorrect to fuck a midget in the ass.

Why?
SATCHEL: Don't ask me. I don't write the fucking rules.

If you were in porn, what would your porn names be?
STARR: I'd be Duke Longwood.
SATCHEL: We are in porn. But not professionally. I don't know my porn name.

Take your first pet's name and the street you grew up on. I'm Squeaky Pierce.
SATCHEL: That makes me Happy Shortville. No. Happy Shorttime.

The new album is called *All You Can Eat*. Is it a reference to oral sex?
SATCHEL: I didn't even think about that. Thanks for pointing that out.
STARR: The album features all the music you can possibly eat. Aurally.
SATCHEL: With music there is only so much you can listen to till you say, "Fuck it. I'm going to go watch TV now. Or do some more cocaine." You can listen to the whole album at once, and it will fuck your head up. Just not twice in a row. You have to go and jack off to HUSTLER in between listens.

"YOU GOTTA FILM YOURSELF FUCKING IN FRONT OF A FUN HOUSE MIRROR. IT MAKES YOUR DICK LOOK A LOT LONGER. THAT'S WHY I TEND TO HAVE SEX WITH MOSTLY SHORT GIRLS. DWARFS AND MIDGETS."

The cover art is a parody of *The Last Supper*. Do you worry that might upset some religious groups?

SATCHEL: It's not really a parody. It's a tribute to *The Last Supper*. How bitchin' would it be to be at the Last Supper?

STARR: And have it as Steel Panther Last Supper.

SATCHEL: Don't you think Jesus would have much rather been there if there were a bunch of hot bitches on the table?

STARR: He was already fucking them anyways.

SATCHEL: And we have pizza. If you look at the original *Last Supper* painting there wasn't any fucking food on the table. Just a bunch of unhappy looking dudes sitting around. We improve on the Last Supper. It's an all-you-can-eat buffet. At ours you can go back for seconds. Especially with the pussy. You can eat pussy all night long and it will still be there in the morning. It's an endless supply. Jesus would have loved unlimited pussy.

STARR: And if people trip out over our CD cover, that's on them. It's a tribute. Our whole deal is not to agitate and fuck with people. The bottom line is we are fucking celebrating life. And our life in Steel Panther is a religion, dude. It's not organized though.

SATCHEL: We should be exempt from taxes just like Christianity or Scientology. We have religious fervor. Maybe we need to do more charity work?

STARR: We fuck ugly chicks. That's charity.

Let's review some of the songs on your new CD. "Gangbang at the Old Folks Home?"

STARR: It was actually based on a dream that was so real, it felt like it was real. You ever have one of those dreams where you...

SATCHEL: Come all over yourself? It's called a wet dream.

STARR: It was the coolest dream I ever had. I was thinking about my grandma when I fell asleep.

SATCHEL: All of the songs are based in reality. Who hasn't thought how great it would be to have sex with a bunch of old folks?

Oldest woman you ever fucked?

SATCHEL: I don't consider a chick in her 70s old.

STARR: After you fuck an 80-year-old, it's all the same.

SATCHEL: At that point it doesn't matter what she looks like. It becomes a "What the fuck am I gonna do with this bitch?" situation. Because you know she'll do anything. She'll take it in the ass. Her uterus is dried up, so you can't get her pregnant. That's the bitchin' thing about a gangbang at an old folks home. Every chick there is like, "I haven't been fucked in a while. I'm gonna do some crazy shit."

But aren't there lubrication issues fucking someone that old?

SATCHEL: Spit always does the trick. For all the lack of lubrication that older people may experience, they are so much looser at that age that it doesn't matter. Plus their expectations are so low. Many of them are barely alive, so they don't know what is going on.

STARR: It's a fun celebration-of-life song.

"Gloryhole"? Have you ever used one?

SATCHEL: Absolutely. Many times. I just came from one before the interview.

But if you don't know who is behind it, and it turns out to be a guy, doesn't that make you gay?

STARR: No.

SATCHEL: No. Absolutely. That's the cool thing about it. The chorus of our song is "I don't wanna know who's sucking my dick tonight." And sometimes you just don't care. I don't care who is sucking it. Whether it's a hot young chick, a dude or a German shepherd. >>

A German shepherd?
SATCHEL: You gonna tell me you've never put peanut butter on your balls and let a dog lick you?
STARR: Everybody has done that.

How would a German shepherd know to go to a glory hole?
SATCHEL: Look, if there is a dick coming through a hole in a wall, anyone is naturally gonna suck it.

Not me.
STARR: Dude, what did you just say? If there is a dick coming through the wall, anyone is gonna suck it?
SATCHEL: It's a natural tendency.
STARR: That's not natural. No.
SATCHEL: What are you? Republican?

"Ten Strikes You're Out." You realize the term is "Three strikes, you're out"?
SATCHEL: It used to be that. But I think we live in a new paradigm.
STARR: We live in fucking Hollywood, dude.
SATCHEL: I don't know about you, but I don't date anyone over 19. There is a whole generation of girls that is very influenced by Miley Cyrus. And yes she is a fuckup. I've been in a long-term relationship with a 19-year-old girl two weeks now, and if the threshold is just three strikes, you're not going to last more than a couple hours. You have to raise the strike level. Ten is the new three when it comes to strikes. Five and a half is the new eight inches when it comes to cock size. Yes, I said it. You can print that.

Would you date Miley Cyrus?
SATCHEL: I would not date her. I would fuck her. And if she wants to fuck, I'm totally down. Miley, if you wanna fuck, just say the word. Let's fucking do this shit.

"You're Beautiful When You Don't Talk." Ever consider only dating hot mimes or mutes?
SATCHEL: I haven't. Because when the deaf try to talk, the noises they make— It's uncomfortable. The problem with dating only mutes and mimes is it limits your potential dating pool. Then you have to hang out at places where they hang out.
STARR: Some girls are so beautiful you just have to train yourself to put up with their stupidity.

SATCHEL: Our bass player is a dude called Lexxi Foxx, and he is really beautiful. I noticed that if you put a mirror in front of him, he stops talking. So I do that with hot chicks.
STARR: Great fucking idea.
SATCHEL: I put mirrors on the ceiling of my 1986 Isuzu Hatchback. A lot of girls stop talking once they see their reflection.
STARR: I use the red laser light. It works great on blond chicks.

"B.V.S." What does that stand for?
Satchel: B.V.S. is a very common syndrome that is going around. It's Big Vagina Syndrome. Almost every girl that I've been having sex with lately has a…
STARR: Big gaping canyon down there.

Maybe it's just because you have small dicks?
SATCHEL: I've heard that suggestion, but I am pretty sure my dick is at least average size. They say if your dick is bigger than your thumb, you're pretty huge. I don't have to worry about hurting the girls. It's big enough to poke them in the eye. If they start to complain about size, I can just poke them in the eye.
STARR: With your penis.

Any truth to the rumor that you are planning a telethon to help cure B.V.S.?
STARR: What's a telethon?
SATCHEL: It's like when Jerry Lee Lewis tried to do that to help those kids with chlamydia.
STARR: Oh yeah, where the people are on the phones saying, "Help these poor VD-riddled kids."
SATCHEL: They raise money and then keep it. It's a great scam. We should do a telethon. Tell people to give ten, maybe 20 bucks to cure B.V.S. Then we spend all that money on blow.
STARR: Fuck, dude, we should do a telethon. Stop B.V.S.!

"She's on the Rag"?
STARR: It's funny, I just left a girl who was on the rag.
SATCHEL: Did you wash your hands?
STARR: No, man, I just lick it off. The thing that bums me out is the time before she bleeds. That's the time you wanna steer clear. "She's on the Rag" is actually a celebration because the time before is fucked.

"Pussywhipped." How do you avoid it?
SATCHEL: It happens to a bunch of guys. And I will admit, it has happened to me for a couple days at a time. You get really enamored with some really hot pussy, and your balls actually cruise up into your abdomen, and your spine starts to lean to the side. >>

"LOOK, IF THERE IS A DICK COMING THROUGH A HOLE IN A WALL, ANYONE IS NATURALLY GONNA SUCK IT."

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STARR: It leans to wherever she is pointing. If a chick is trying to pussywhip you, then you can play the game. And outsmart her. And then fuck her friend. Your friends are a good barometer.
SATCHEL: You say to them, "I can't go out tonight because I have to watch *Twilight*." If you have ever even seen the opening credits of *Twilight*, then you have been pussywhipped.
STARR: I saw all the movies and read all the books.
SATCHEL: What? You don't know how to read!
STARR: I was with this chick and she was in a book club.
SATCHEL: No pussy is that good that you should allow yourself to be whipped. Plus you then cut off all your other pussy options and piss off your friends. No pussy on this planet is worth that.

Do you think there is pussy on other planets?
SATCHEL: Dude, let's do the math.
STARR: Math? Fuck no.
SATCHEL: There are hundreds if not thousands of planets in the universe. There has to be other planets out there with pussy on them. It may be green or sideways, but it's new pussy either way.

"Bukkake Tears"?
SATCHEL: Yes. Greatest love song ever.
STARR: This really happened.
SATCHEL: "Bukkake Tears" is what should happen in every single relationship. If you are in a relationship right now and are reading this article with your girlfriend or wife—
STARR: Not sure a lot of people are reading HUSTLER with their girlfriends or wives.

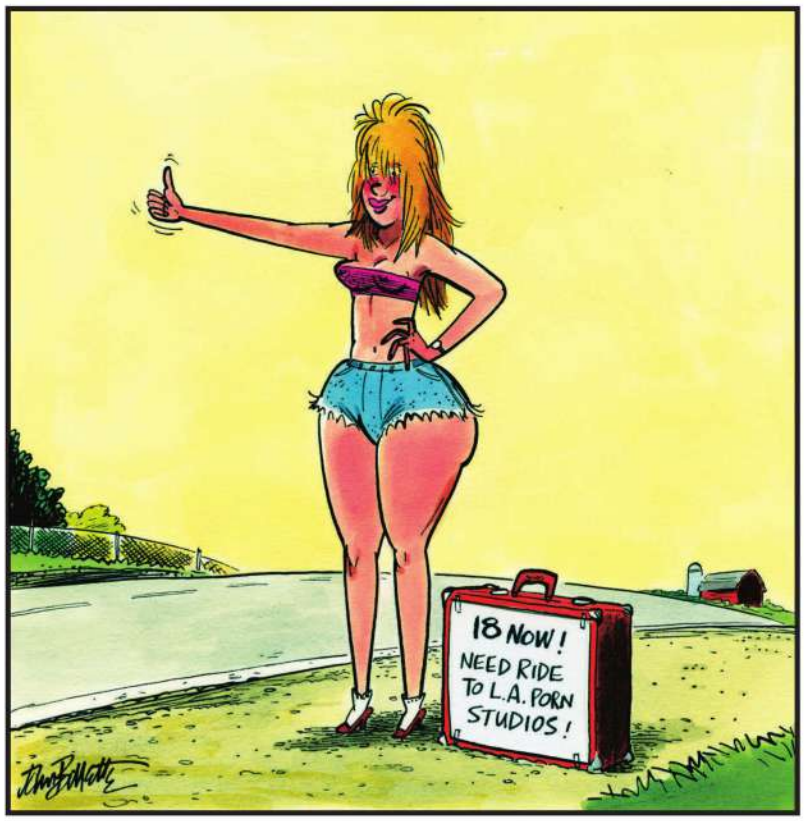
"IF YOU WANT TO FUCK OTHER PUSSY, YOU GOTTA LET YOUR GIRL FUCK OTHER DICK. THE BEST WAY TO START IS TO CALL ALL YOUR FRIENDS UP AND LET THEM ALL FUCK YOUR CHICK."

SATCHEL: You get to a point in a relationship where you get bored with her pussy. Or the girl says, "Let's experiment and start fucking other people." Fuck yeah! A lot of guys are down to bring other chicks in the bedroom but too insecure to bring dudes in there. If you want to fuck other pussy, you gotta let your girl fuck other dick. The best way to start is to call all your friends up and let them all fuck your chick.

Do you really wanna be in a room with that many cocks?
STARR: We're used to it. It happens on the bus.
SATCHEL: There is nowhere to go on that bus for privacy. If you wanna fuck, there will be other dicks around. There will be bass players and singers peeking around the corner while you're trying to fuck a girl. You might as well let them all join in. If there is a free hole, go ahead and put your dick in it.

Is that your motto?
SATCHEL: It really is. But like in the song, sometimes girls say, "I wanna do this. I wanna have a gangbang." Before the Internet age a lot of girls never saw double-penetration or gangbang videos. Now it's everywhere and everybody is watching them. Girls see them and think, *That looks like a fun activity I would like to try. I tried tennis. Why not this?* But then they find themselves in the middle of it with cocks flying in looking for a hole, and they get a little nervous. But there is no turning back. She has to just sit back and enjoy the ride until everyone comes. That's what the song is about.

There's a ton of women at Steel Panther shows. Why?
STARR: The sexuality is infectious.
SATCHEL: And a lot of them want to fuck the guitar player.
STARR: Who is also infectious. You come to our show and there are four fucking really good-looking dudes. Really talented guys doing great songs with great subject matters. I think girls are attracted to that.
SATCHEL: Plus we all have big dicks. Well five or six inches, which is pretty big for a white guy.
STARR: When I see girls singing along to our songs, it makes me proud to be in Steel Panther.
SATCHEL: And when I see a girl sucking on my dick, it makes me proud to be a dude with a dick. H



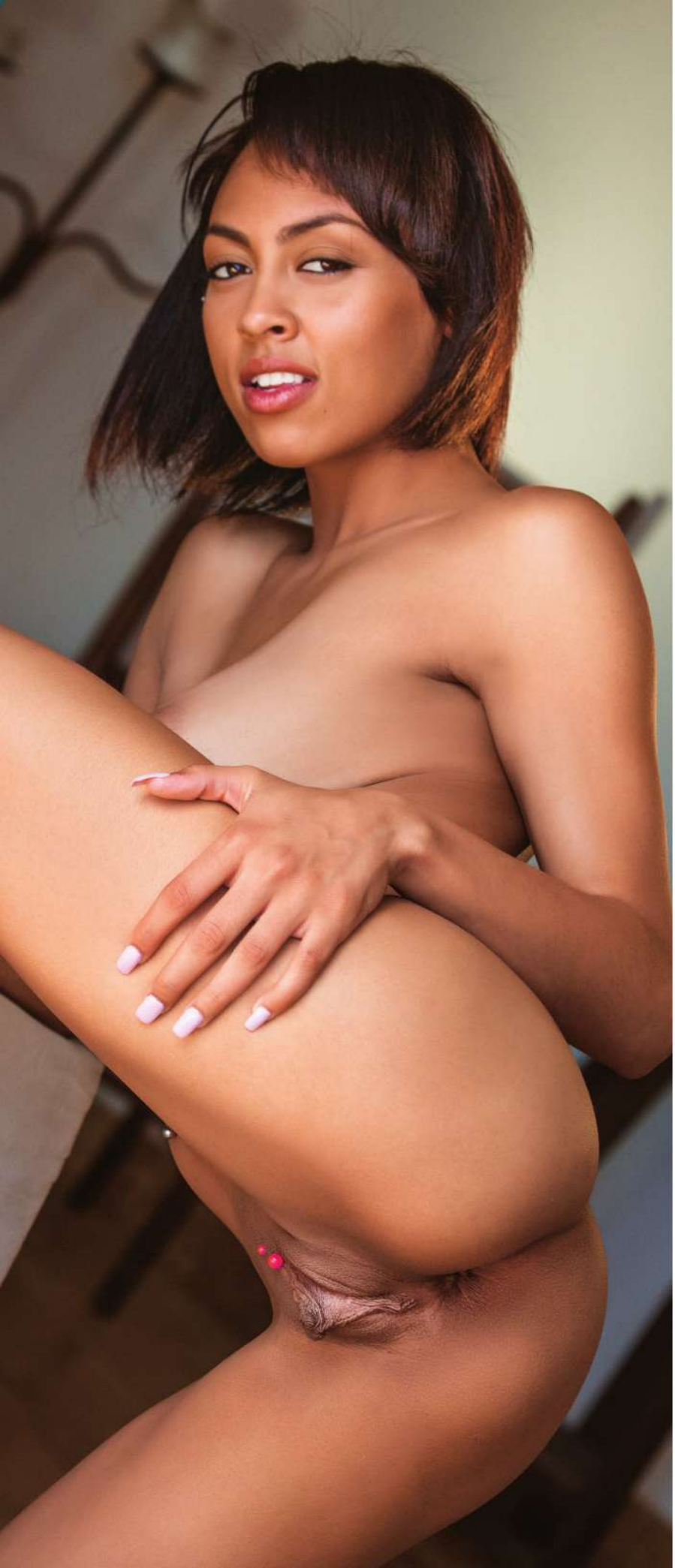
"You may think that pussy-farting in my face is hilarious, Irene, but I, in fact, do not!"

CHERRY HILSON

FLIRT WITH DANGER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Once me and a boyfriend had sex on a beach in broad daylight. Everyone on the beach was watching us, but we didn't care! I think maybe I wanted to get busted. I have a really big fantasy of having a sexual encounter with a police officer. Why? I don't know why. Just the thought turns me on!"



CHERRY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Diego, California** | AGE: **20**
MEASUREMENTS: **34D-26-35** | HEIGHT: **5-8** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Ass up, face down!**
TWITTER: **@CherryHilsonXXX** | INSTAGRAM: **Cherry_HilsonXXX**

WOW – THAT WAS FANTASTIC ! I'M READY TO GO AGAIN !
WELL, I'M READY FOR YOU TO JUST GO.
J. BILLMEYER

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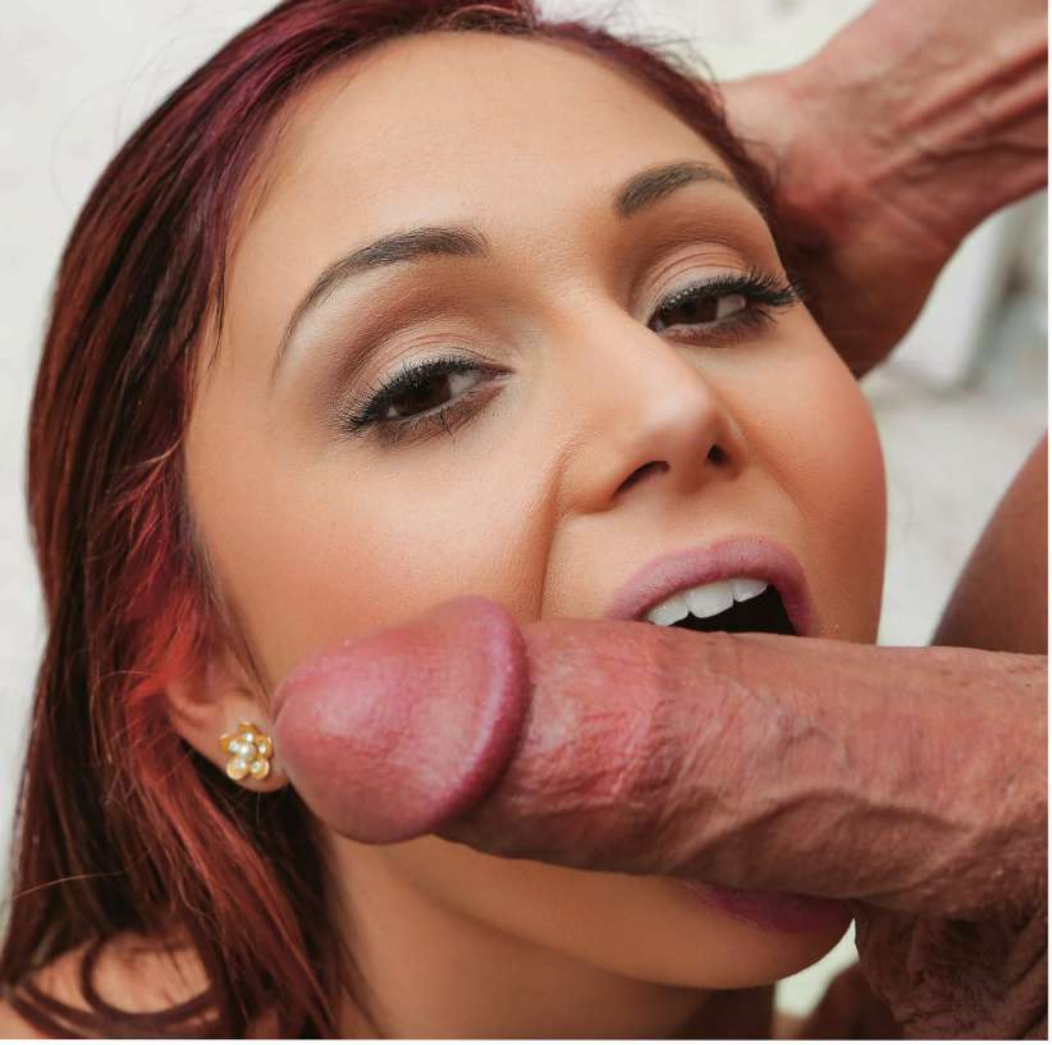


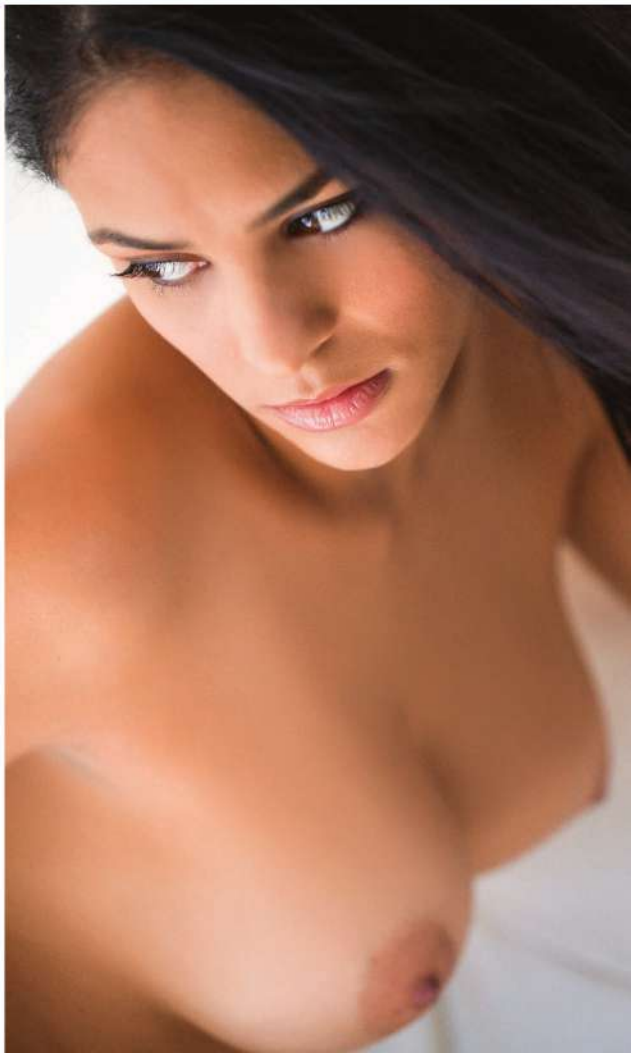
I just want to smoke and fuck. I started doing some solo webcam in Florida, and look where I'm at today!" gushes **Ariana Marie**. "What excites me is that I can see myself growing in the industry and making a name for myself. On set I keep in mind: have fun, keep positive energy, and more spit is better."

JASMINE CARO

WILDFLOWER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I like to sing, dance, and I really just enjoy sex. What do I look for in a guy? Honesty. And a nice dick," **Jasmine** smiles. "I guess I'm a late bloomer, 'cause I didn't begin modeling till I was 24—this year! Who knew it would be this cool!"



JASMINE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **24**
MEASUREMENTS: **32DD-25-35**
HEIGHT: **5-5** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@JasmineCaroJ**

Let's have some fun!
xoxo,
Jasmine

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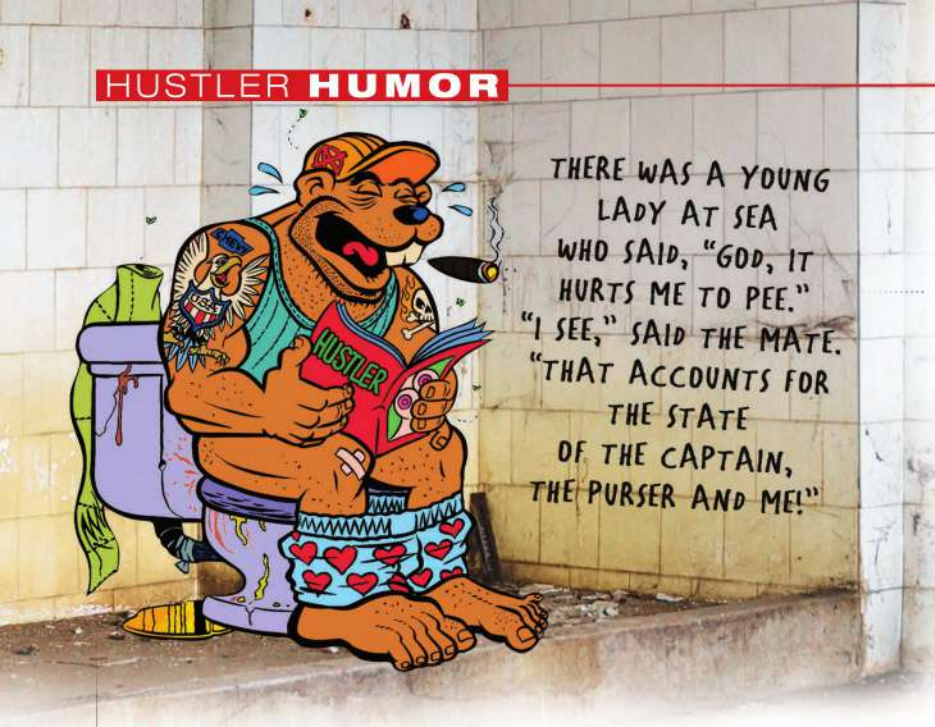

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY AT SEA WHO SAID, "GOD, IT HURTS ME TO PEE." "I SEE," SAID THE MATE. "THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE STATE OF THE CAPTAIN, THE PURSER AND ME!"
HUSTLER

Al received the following text from his neighbor: "I've been riddled with guilt, and I have to confess. I've been tapping your wife day and night when you're not around. In fact, more than you. I'm not getting any at home, but that's no excuse. I can no longer live with the guilt, and I hope you will accept my sincerest apology with my promise that it won't happen again."

Feeling anguished and betrayed, Al went into the bedroom, grabbed his gun and without a word shot his wife and killed her.

A few moments later a second text came in: "Damn auto-correct. I mean 'wifi,' not 'wife.'"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *irony* as having your mother call you a son of a bitch.

The Pope and Rob Ford died at the same time and met on the way to their respective destinations. After a brief discussion they proceeded on, but due to some mistake, Ford wound up in heaven and the Pope went to hell. After a few hours the error was caught, and they again met on the way to their final resting places. The Pope exclaimed, "Boy, I was worried for a while. I always wanted to meet the Virgin Mary."

Ford replied, "Sorry, you're too late."

During the day a deaf couple could easily communicate through sign language, but at night, in bed, the darkness caused confusion. To fix this, the woman came up with a plan: "Reach over and squeeze my boob once if you want sex or twice if you're not in the mood," she signed.

"That's a great idea," her hubby signed back. "Likewise, if you want sex, reach over and pull my dick once. And if you're not in the mood, pull it 50 times."

Question: What's the best thing about flash mobs?

Answer: One grenade gets them all.

Ann had just given birth to a baby when she noticed her obstetrician's solemn expression.

"What's wrong?" she asked, alarmed.

"Your baby is a hermaphrodite," said the doctor.

"What's that?" Ann demanded.

"It means your baby has both male and female parts," the doc explained.

"Oh my God, that's wonderful!" the new mother cried. "You mean it has both a penis and a brain?"

Schwartz went to see his rabbi. "I think my wife is poisoning me," he said, upset.

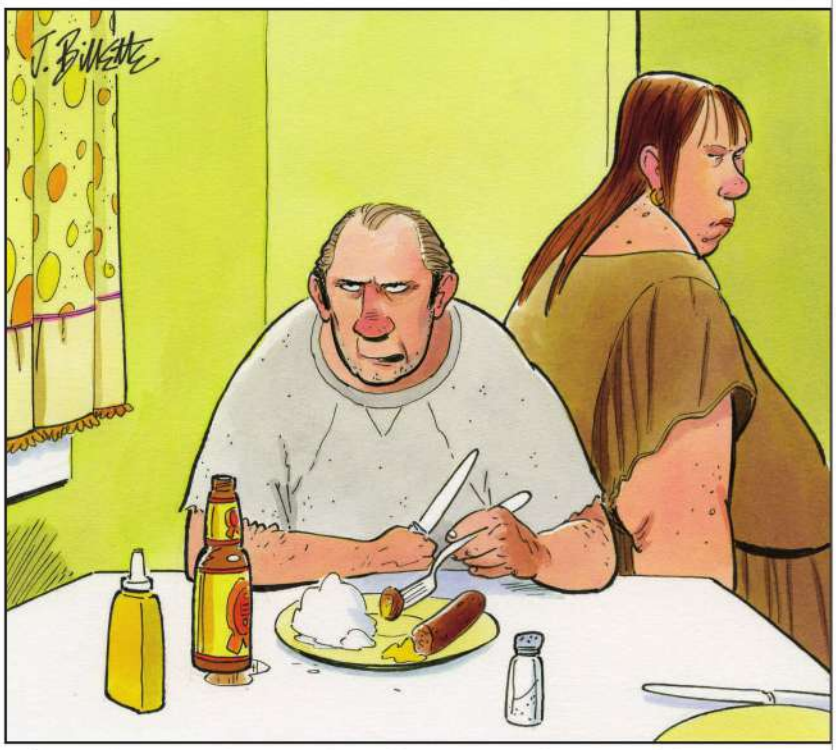
The rabbi responded, "I'll tell you what. Let me talk to her. I'll see what I can find out, and I'll let you know."

A week later the rabbi called him: "I spoke to your wife on the phone for over three hours."

"Do you have any advice for me?" Schwartz asked.

"Yes. Take the poison."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"Just keep bitching and bitching, Margo! You could end up as the unpleasant smell that the neighbors notice from our garage!"

YOUR FAVORITE
PHOTO ON A
T-SHIRT
TROSLEY

Odette's

Adventures in Fetishland

BEING THE ASTOUNDING BUT TRUE TALES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF MISS ODETTE DELACROIX, AS TOLD TO LANA SIAS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER
ADDITIONAL IMAGES COURTESY ODETTE DELACROIX

Once upon a time, a tiny titillator had a curious thought: What if she asked her gentlemen admirers what they would most like to see her do? Things soon became curiouser and curiouser… >>

The first custom video request I ever got was me being tied up and wiggling around struggling. I wanted to keep it very discreet, so I did **weird self-bondage** with my tripod in my little crappy living room. The guy loved it so much he ordered three more. I asked him, "Can I sell these after I give you some alone time with them?" He's like, "Yeah. I don't care." So I'm like, *Wow, I'm being paid now to make a video that I can turn around and sell.* That is why model/producers are going to reap the most profits if they do it correctly. We don't have to pay for talent, we get paid off the bat, and we still can maintain ownership of the rights to sell it.

The diaper requests came pretty early. The first person to order them was a wealthy Mexican man. I said, "You want me to buy Depends from Wal-Mart and pee in them?" He said, "Yes, this is exactly what I want to see." And he gave me this very detailed outline. He wanted me to have five wettings in this short video. So basically what I had to do was drink a half gallon of coffee, and whenever I had to go pee throughout the afternoon, I would turn back on the camera and wet it again.

To this day I can honestly say I've never fake-wet a diaper for any of my clients. There are whole diaper production studios now, and they hire me because they know I'm okay with doing it. Some of them, they'll do fake. They'll just pour warm apple juice in a diaper or something like that. I do it for real. I think that's why I have so many repeat buyers. It's easy to prove that I'm actually **wetting the diaper** because I won't cut. You see the diaper; you see it fill up. There's also a blue dye indicator that shows when a paraplegic needs to be changed.

People who are into diapers, I would break them down into two groups: those who like people wearing diapers but acting as adults and those who want people to be babies in the diapers—adult babies. The fetish is called AB/DL. It's adult babies or diaper lovers. A lot of people, they like both. They just like anything with diapers.

They're also very brand-centric with the diapers. They always want to know what brand and size you're using. They're like, "Is that a Tena? Is that a Bambino? Ooh, you imported a Bambino, unh." It gets expensive. Germany is the hub for diaper fetish. They know their brands and they want a particular brand. Sometimes I can't get it in the U.S., so I'm like give me two weeks for the diaper to fly in so I can wet it and toss it away.

I definitely have a water fetish, especially warm water. That goes back to the only place I felt safe masturbating because we didn't have locks on our doors at home. For probably the first few years of my masturbation history it was all shower. To this day I get these weird sexual feelings when I hop in the shower. There's still some kind of imprint there. So when people ask for shower scenes, that especially gets me off. >>

I'm also really into **shock and awe contrasts**. I really like working with people who are physically as different from me as possible—like the BBW stuff. Having this massive, tall, but also wide, big-breasted woman who's so physically different from me. I envision how intense that's going to look, and that's really arousing for me.

Even if I'm not attracted to huge women, I'm attracted to how they look next to me and how many minds will be blown when I release that. People are like, "Wow, how did you even survive when she sat on you?" Or even doing a role switch where little me is topping this huge, very assertive, dominant woman. That kind of turns me on.

Whenever I get requests for something I've never done, I don't want to judge it. I never want to tell myself this is going to suck until I try it, because every now and then I'll really like it.

I did this one the other day where it was just messy fetish, rubbing my feet in something back and forth. I had never done that before while masturbating. Got me off like really fast. I never would have learned that about myself if someone didn't ask me to do that. So there are always moments where you say, *Wow, I guess that does work for me.* I never would have known.

I always had a decent social life [before this], and yet I just felt miserable all the time because I felt like I was doing everything the way everyone wanted me to do it. I just did whatever people told me to do, and I did it so well that they assumed I must really like it. I graduated with the highest GPA in my entire college. I was valedictorian in high school. But just because I'm good at it doesn't mean it was giving me fulfillment at all.

I basically woke up one day and asked myself, *If I could be doing anything right now, what would I be doing?* The answer that my soul gave me is, *None of this is.* I always loved being in front of the camera. I always **loved being nude**. So I joined Model Mayhem, and I was like, I have no experience, but I love to be nude! Someone, please! I'll do it free!

I was never seen as a really fun person. I was always studying and disciplined. All of a sudden it was like they thought I had a breakdown. I saw brains explode. It was because I was just holding it in, too afraid to piss anyone off ever. So I just pissed off everyone at once, got it all over with. It sucked at first, just like getting surgery for something you need done, but once it's all healed, you're glad you did it because now you're better. Most people go to porn because they're broken. I just went to **take control** of myself. I think as far as porn reasons go, it's pretty good. >>

I don't have a standard rate for anything. I work with the person case by case because each video is so different, I would feel weird saying my minimum cost is this or my maximum is this because you never know what will be thrown at you. Obviously a five-minute video of me just sitting in a chair telling somebody about my day should cost significantly less than a five-minute video of me doing anal play with myself. It's not just about the length. It's about everything involved.

I'm shooting one to two customs a week. I try to keep it as relaxed as possible. I don't like my shoots being super long if I'm in charge. Fetish should never have to take that long, which is nice, because it's the **quick and dirty thing** I do. I felt a lot older five years ago trying to balance working and studying. Now I only have to worry about work, and I feel younger. I'm my own boss and I'm an easy boss.

I got this unmarked box one day from the East Coast. It had this latex love doll in it that looked just like me except he'd gutted it all out. It was empty, and he'd cut it down the back and put in a zipper, like for a wetsuit. I'm like, *What the hell?* It had a wig on it and everything. And then about a day and a half later I get this email from this really excited guy, and he's like, "Did you get it?" I was like, "Yes. Thanks?" And he's like, "I'm going to order a custom video if that's okay. I want you to lube your whole body because this is the same size as you, so you'll have to be all lubed up to be able to fit inside of it." I pulled it over my face, and it was [mimes skintight fit] over my face. And he's like, "Once you're inside of it—obviously there's a hole in the mouth and there's a hole where the pussy is—do a solo scene as **yourself inside of yourself**." I was like, "I'll try." So, the first attempt I did, I couldn't get it on. I didn't have enough lube. I had to go and buy this huge bottle of lube, and I was like this weird, oily, slippery person. I slipped inside of it and zipped it up. It was hard to breathe because the mouth had all these things that I kind of had to put in my mouth to make the face fit. Once I had it on, I did the solo scene, and then I went to get up, and the whole thing just split apart because it was so tight. I went to breathe, basically, and it exploded. A big crack went down the back, so I got out of it, and I was like, what do I do with this broken love doll? I threw it in my neighbor's dumpster.

I explained to him what happened because he was like, "If it works, I want to shoot you in this again and again," and I told him, "You get one video, and it broke, and I'll send you all of the footage if you want to see it breaking in the end, or I can cut it out, and there's also like a whole video of me trying to get into it." That one was really creepy to edit because it really did look scary. He loved it. I've never gotten a request remotely similar to that.

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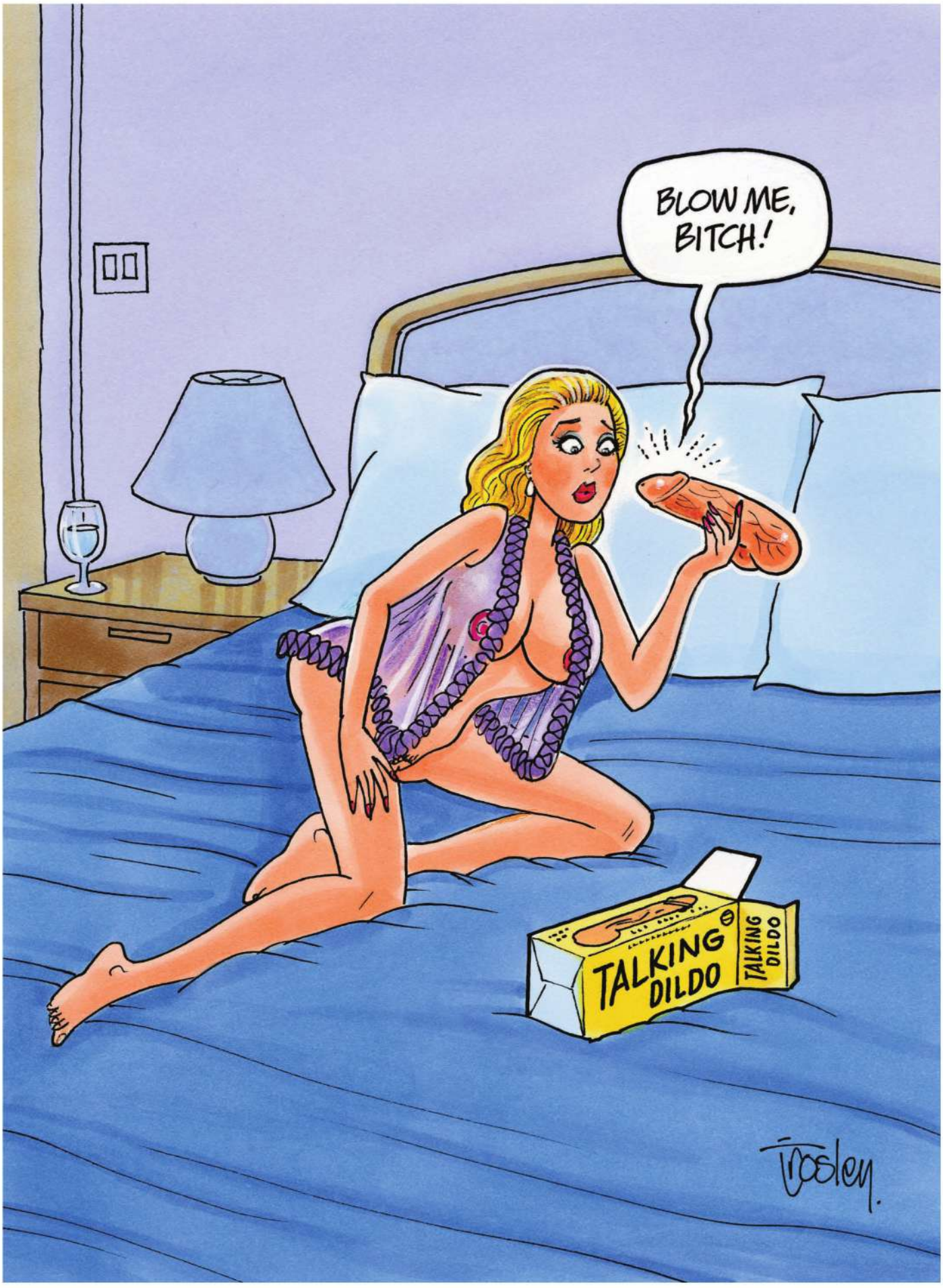
I'm always surprised by anything mean or femdom because I never knew that so many men were into that. And the kinds of men who like it are the kinds that you just wouldn't expect.

I get a lot of requests where I'm talking about cheating on my boyfriend with a big black cock or with the neighbor or with my mom's husband or something weird like that. There's this one guy who keeps ordering things where I'm yapping, bragging to my girlfriend about how I did this guy last night and my boyfriend doesn't know and he was way better than my boyfriend. "My boyfriend has such a **pathetic cock**," and all of this stuff. And on camera the boyfriend will walk in, and instead of getting mad or dumping, he'll sit down and be like, "Tell me more about it." No clothes come off. It's all about the dialogue; that's the sexual part. People get incredibly turned on with that stuff, and it also really resells very well, so I know it's a big thing. I feel like I understand men a lot better since I've started to do this because they're telling me things they won't even tell their wives. H

"Hi, I'm Steve, your next-door neighbor. I was wondering if I might bother you for a pail of milk!"


BLOW ME, BITCH!
TALKING DILDO
TALKING DILDO
Tosley.

THE PORNOGRAPHER

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ELI CROSS. STARRING: KIMBERLY KANE, KATIE SUMMERS, AMBER RAYNE, NICKI HUNTER, KYLIE IRELAND, ZOE VOSS, JAMES DEEN, ANTHONY ROSANO, STEVE HOLMES, ROCCO REED & CHRISTIAN XXX.

Comedy is a difficult thing. As in, really fucking hard. Like trying to hit a girl in the eye with your cum shot at 20 paces. Actually, that's easier. So it's pretty good when a movie is funny at least half the time. And in this case, when it ain't funny, at least it's got porn mega-legend Kylie Ireland taking it up the ass and doing a cheesy Southern accent. And let's be honest, Amber Rayne scorching every cock that comes close would raise any Z-grade picture to must-stroke status. The great cast makes up for the lame plotting: pussythrob James Deen plays a '60s schlock director desperate to boost his game, but he doesn't get around to being a pornographer until the very end! This is no *Boogie Nights*, in other words, but Kimberly Kane as a casting-couch starlet is great as usual, whether she's got a dick in her or not. On the whole, the money shots outweigh the misfires, so we're cutting this hunk o' smut a break. Just prepare to cringe a few times between your splooge sessions. ***—M.J.***

NICKI HUNTER & KIMBERLY KANE

KATIE SUMMERS

NADIA CAPRI & NATASHA VOYA

GIRL-ON-GIRL PAINT

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: GIGI ALLENS, ANNA MORNA, BELLE NOIRE, ADRIANA CHECHIK, ALEKSA NICOLE, JESSA RHODES, NATASHA VOYA & NADIA CAPRI.

Apparently it's not enough to splatter a girl with loads of cum anymore. After dumping oil and milk on muffdiving females in the two previous discs in this series, we reached for the paint bucket. Do the chicks squirt primary colors out of their buttholes onto the tits of other chicks? No, but that's a good idea. Do they walk naked through doors with paint buckets balanced above their heads and get doused? No, that would be too funny. Instead, they just smear some body paint on tastefully and eat each other out. It's called art, people. Luckily this flick is stocked with grade-A flesh. (That's right, Gigi Allens and Jessa Rhodes in the same flick!) If Jackson Pollock were still alive, he'd be cum-painting his TV to this movie. If it's good enough for him, it's good enough for you because he was a genius and you're whatever you are. To order *Girl-on-Girl Paint*, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. ***—M.J.***

BELLE NOIRE &
ADRIANA CHECHIK

ANNA MORNA
& GIGI ALLENS

ALEKSA NICOLE &
JESSA RHODES

Leroy learns that what happens in Vegas doesn't always stay in Vegas.

ISIS TAYLOR

OPEN-MINDED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT
PRODUCTIONS

I don't think guys are meant to be monogamous. Guys, they're meant to spread their seed or whatever. So I tell my man, you can go have sex with everybody. I don't care. Just don't bring that shit home. Just no relationships with anyone but me."

Stacywall

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

RILEY

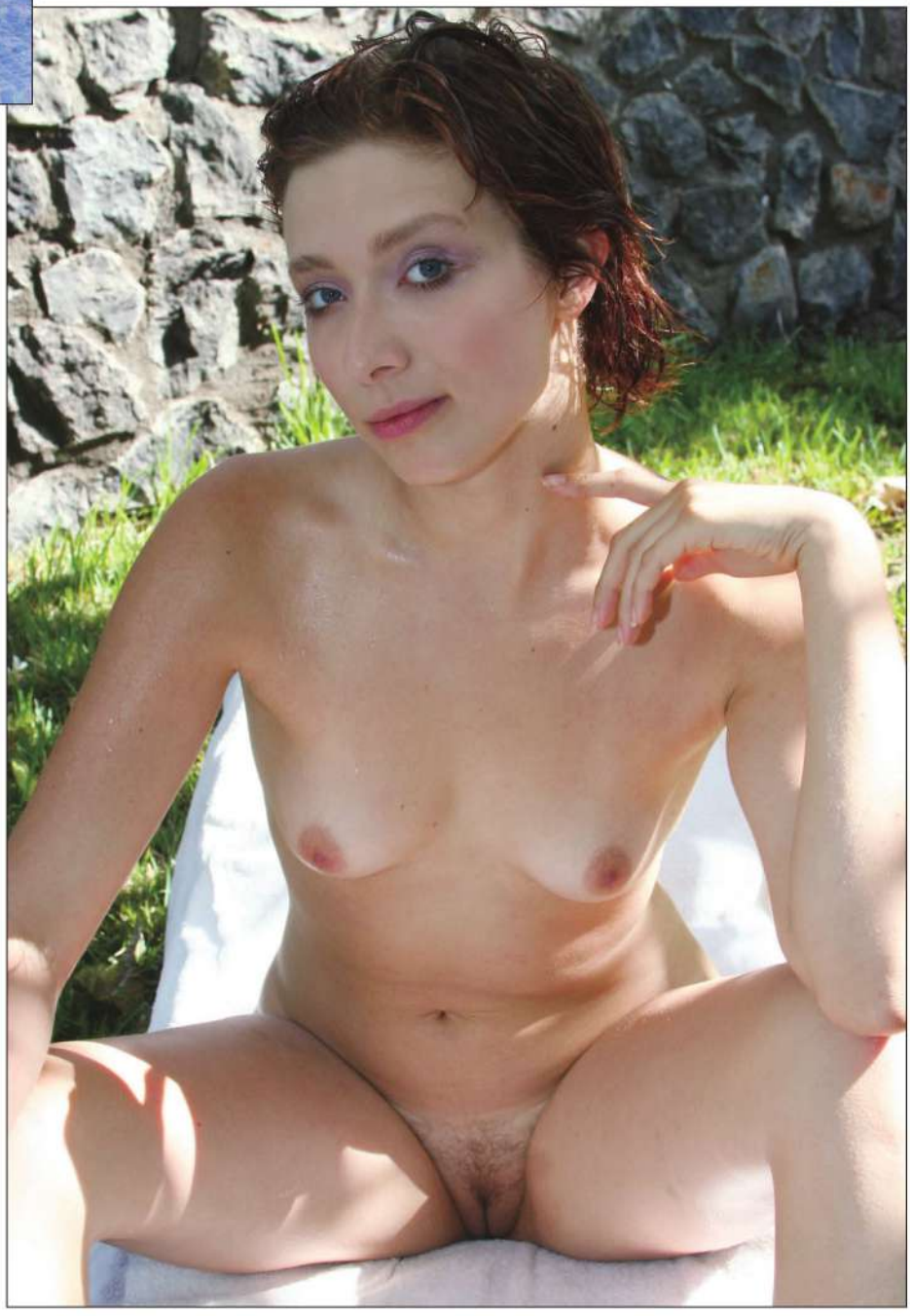
"I would love to be naked in Paris at the Eiffel Tower," muses Riley, 19, an "outgoing, kind and very confident" resident of Ravenna, Ohio. But for the time being, *Beaver Hunt* will suffice for the fledgling model: "I want to get my name out and inspire other girls that it's possible to do anything they put their mind to." Three of Riley's fave pastimes are playing *Call of Duty,* shopping and dancing; her music playlist is topped by Drake, Paramore, Kid Cudi and Miley Cyrus; and she has a personal duty: "I always try to make whomever I'm with a happier person." Making us happier, not to mention her paramours, the 5-foot-1 cutie confides, "I'm straight, aggressively sexy and adventurous. My favorite position is doggy-style, I love anal sex, and I'm really into ropes. Being tied up is hot." Riley is assuredly very ravenous. —*Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

"I love anal sex. It's more pleasurable than fucking my pussy if you know what you're doing."

"My fantasy is having sex with Drake on an empty beach."

SHELBY STAR

"Sex is a natural, healthy and normal act, and so is modeling nude," reckons Shelby Star, 40, a "bi, bubbly and energetic" gal from Dallas, Texas. "The female body was meant to be seen. Women shouldn't hide it. That's why I was a stripper for 15 years." Now the 5-foot-6 Twitter, fitness and cooking buff provides much more than titillation and lap dances: "I'm always horny, so working at the Love Ranch North in Carson City, Nevada, is the perfect job for me. It's paradise! I get to host sex parties with different people every day. I enjoy taking care of their sexual needs and fulfilling their fantasies." Shelby, who's especially proud of her fellatio and role-playing prowess, has a fantasy befitting a XXX rodeo: "I want to fuck doggy-style while riding a galloping stallion bareback." Ms. Star has another desire: "I want to ride lots of HUSTLER readers!" *—Photos by John Cole*



ENIGMA

"I'm a babe, and I love my body," announces Enigma, 23, a "hilarious, bi-curious and passionate" New York City dweller. "I can cast a spell over men with my eyes," the 6-foot-0 neophyte boasts, "but in HUSTLER I can also do it with my boobs, ass and yoni temple." (That's what the statuesque Tantra aficionada calls her vagina.) "I love entertaining," Enigma continues. "I started as a clown. Now I perform with a dance company." In her spare time she's up for meditation, listening to Devendra Banhart and MGMT, watching *Don't Trust the B---- in Apartment 23* and sex. "I'm kinky," Enigma admits. "I've made love in a tree, my fantasy is to use a yoga swing for things other than yoga, and a thrusting dick will take me to nirvana every time." —*Photos by Friend*

CECE ADAMS

"I'm bubbly, witty, ambitious, confident and bright," lists Cece Adams, 19, an account manager from Spring, Texas. "Who says a girl can't be pretty and smart at the same time?" Making that stellar combo even better is the 5-foot-8 delight's gumption to be seen in all her glory. "I love being in front of the camera," Cece exults. "Modeling nude for HUSTLER is a dream come true." Her next one, she fantasizes, is "a threesome with two guys." A former cheerleader and cross-country runner, Cece now stays shipshape by swimming and playing basketball. She's also a playful thrill-seeker: "I streaked on my college campus, and I've had sex in a car in a busy parking lot, out in a field under the stars and in the back corner of a movie theater that wasn't packed, but it sure wasn't empty. Doing it where someone could see intensifies every feeling." Whether in public or in private, when the foreplay fancier wants her pussy packed, she's all for "doggy, cowgirl and reverse cowgirl." *—Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"I agree wholeheartedly
with Swami X: Sex
is not the answer.
Sex is the question.
'Yes' is the answer."

MIKA LEE

"I feel extremely lucky getting picked to be in HUSTLER," marvels Mika Lee, 19, an "outgoing, funny and fun-to-be-around charmer" from Columbus, Ohio. "It's a sexy magazine that originated in my hometown. I think Larry Flynt is a genius." We'd have been imbeciles for not showcasing the 5-foot-2 sweetie pie, who also idolizes a Buckeye State rapper: "Machine Gun Kelly's words of wisdom have been such an inspiration for me in rough times that I've paid tribute to him with various tattoos!" To read them verbatim—and do more than gawk at an ex-cheerleader who's tickled pink that her Cleveland Browns drafted quarterback Johnny Manziel—head to northern Nevada's Moonlite BunnyRanch. "I love sex, and I've always been naturally good at it," Mika avows. "I'm sensual, seductive, part-Korean and totally what my partner wants me to be! And if that isn't enough to seal the deal, I know more about sports than most women do, I'm an excellent cook, and I give the world's best blowjobs, guaranteed. I can make a man happy in more than one way." Mika, whose favorite TV shows are *The Bachelor* and "HBO's *Cathouse* of course," has a nice surprise: "I'm still looking for that special guy to take my ass virginity. I have a blast trying new things in the bedroom and am willing to go that route very soon." *—Photos by Thomas Lau*

Twitter.com/TheMikaLee • Instagram: @TheMikaLee
email: MikaLee@BunnyRanch.com

"Yes, I was that hot cheerleader everyone wanted but couldn't have. Now I'm down for being naked in Larry Flynt's magazine and having hot-and-heavy sex with any man or woman who wants to come my way!"

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Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

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Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide this release) | Date (month/date/year)

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"Luke, that fellow would rather not learn all about Jesus today."

LESBIAN
VAMPIRE
ACADEMY
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
HUSTLER VIDEO

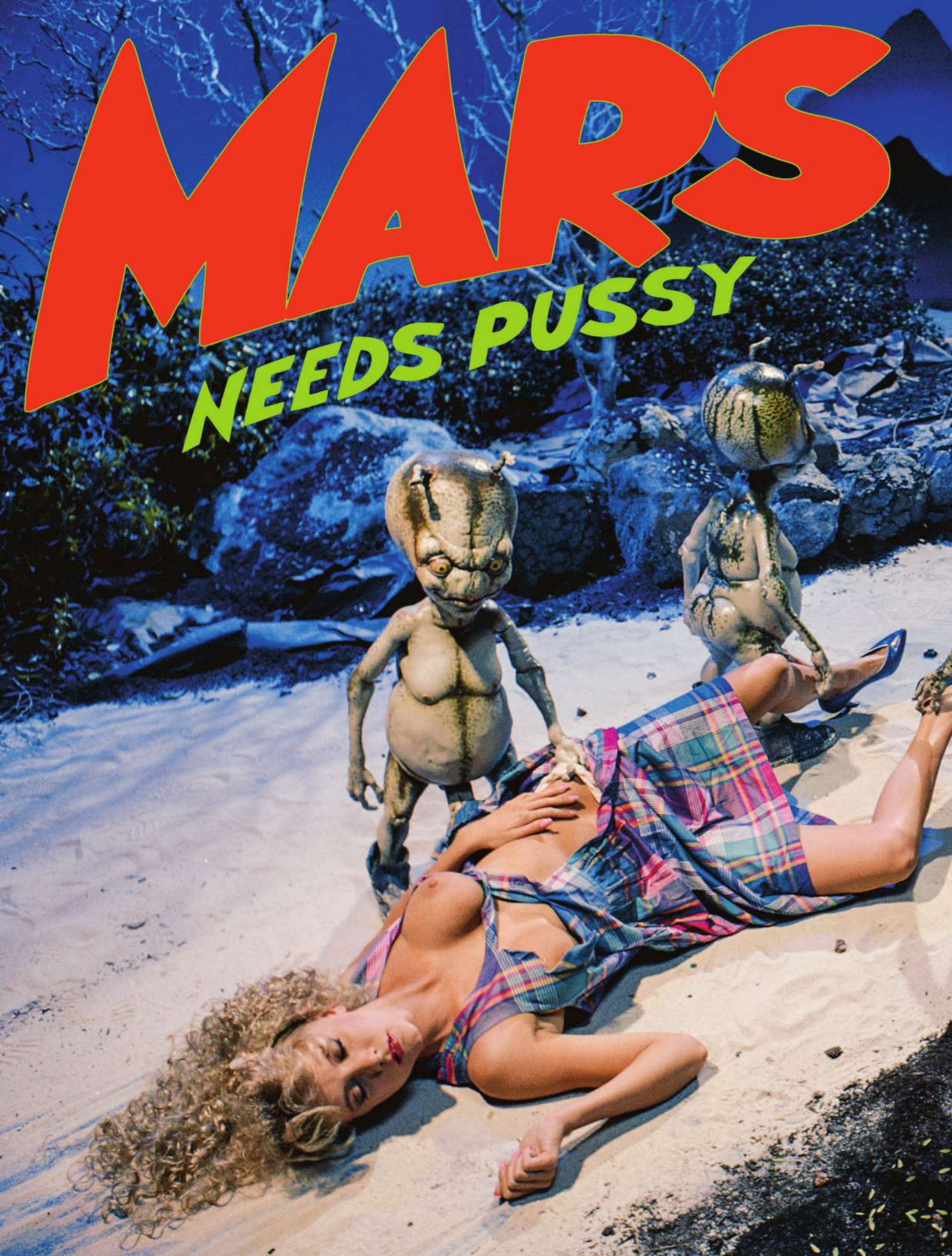
RAVEN ROCKETTE & ZOEY FOXX

KARMEN KARMA & NATASHA VOYA

RAVEN ROCKETTE & RYAN RYANS

ZOEY MONROE & RYAN RYANS

"You realize that wild sex with me could be fatal for an old gentleman like yourself—but then we all gotta die from something."


MARS
NEEDS PUSSY

Her fingers shake. Her voice trembles. She desperately rubs her tender pussy, trying to recapture the only erotic experience that she can truly say was out of this world. She is one of the countless American housewives who have been fucked by space creatures, and she wants it again. Wants it bad.

"I went out one night to put out the morning's mail," she stammers. "And they came. And I came…and came!"

Who can believe her sordid tale of snaking, otherworldly cocks and dripping, preternatural tongues? A lunatic army of Earth whores, stumbling out into another lonely night, echoing a sad lament. "They don't write—they don't call—and they never said thank you!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LADI VON JANSKY

SOER

COMING SOON

ASA AKIRA GETS GRILLED

Our hardcore reporter Lotus Lain interrogates one of the world's most delicious fuck stars about her hit book *Insatiable*, how she gets all that man meat up her ass and what she'll do for one mouthful of pizza.

FUCK A DUCK

Just the fact that America wants to see the yahoos from *Duck Dynasty* dicking hot chicks in the ass tells you all you need to know about the state of the nation. Prepare to lower your standards for the year's grungiest porn spoof.

MAKE HER TAP OUT

"I'm basically fucking her the whole time, and she's coming over and over again, and I'm just scoring insane amounts of points," recalls one of the champs of "ultimate surrender." Sound like a sport you can get behind? Check out our strokable coverage of sweaty girl-on-girl grappling.

MARICA HASE